

# Isle of the Sapphire Flyers

by JulyIsland

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-22 04:38:55

Updated: 2014-12-27 02:24:09

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:40:42

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,955

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: One day, Hiccup stumbles upon a mysterious stranger with only one desperate request: help her save her homeland. Now, the gang must once again ban together to face an all new threat, traveling across treacherous seas and dangerous skies with a girl shrouded in mystery as their guide. It just begs the question: What lies in store for them when they reach their destination?

## 1. Chapter 1: Hiccup's Accidental Discovery

### Chapter 1: Hiccup's Accidental Discovery

It was a clear sunny day on the island of Berk. Thanks to the previous week's thunderstorms, almost everything was covered in a graceful layer of dew. The birds chirped, the bees buzzed, and (of course) the dragons purred peacefully as the long-awaited sunshine spread across their scales. One black dragon in particular (a Night Fury to be exact) was especially enjoying the day's warmth as he lay sprawled on his back in a patch of soft grass, his obsidian black underbelly absorbing the heat that lingered in the air. His eyes were reduced to thin green slits as he let out a soft growling sigh of complete bliss. It was almost as if nothing could go wrong today. Almost.

"All right, bud. Ready for a little flying today?"

The Night Fury raised his head lazily only to see his rider, Hiccup, walking up the grassy hill toward him. He rolled his eyes and slumped onto his side, making sure his back was facing Hiccup. "Oh, come on, Toothless. A little lap around the island isn't gonna kill you," Hiccup said as he crossed his arms and stared at the dragon's back.

Toothless snorted irritably as if to say he thought otherwise.

"Toothless," Hiccup sighed in an exasperated tone. He walked over to

his dragon and tried to push his back. "Come on you lazy sack of scales," he huffed as he tried to move Toothless even an inch. "You've been cooped up in the house for a week now thanks to the storms. You need to get at least a little exercise." He gave another hefty shove. Toothless didn't budge.

Hiccup got up and brushed off his hands. His stubborn dragon wasn't going to give in easily. Suddenly, an idea struck him. "Okay, you win," he said as he raised his hands in surrender and started to slowly walk away. "It's too bad, really. I was hoping to go fishing after the flight and maybe even find a nice field of Dragon Nip to lie around in." He dared sneak a peak at Toothless whose ears had perked up in interest. "But since you've made it so perfectly clear that you don't want to go, I guess I'll just find something else to do." Hiccup turned his back and kept walking. Three, two, one...

BAM! Hiccup fell face first onto the ground as a huge force collided with him. He rolled over on his back to find Toothless's face inches above his, green eyes glittering with excitement. "Now that's more like it," Hiccup exclaimed between laughs as Toothless began licking him joyfully.

\* \* \*

><p>"Wow, the weather really is perfect today, huh bud?" Hiccup called through the wind as he and Toothless made their way toward the forest.<br>Toothless grunted his agreement. His features took on a look of concentration and concern. He seemed to have detected something.

"Hey, Toothless. You okay th-" Hiccup was cut off as an earsplitting roar ruptured the quiet calm in the air. Toothless's pupils turned to slits as both he and Hiccup dived into the forest's borders. They landed neatly between a few pines, and Hiccup jumped off his saddle almost immediately. He gasped as he took in the sight before him.

From directly behind him to directly in front of him, there was wreckage everywhere. Branches and whole trunks had been splintered and broken. Some were even smoldering and smoking. Heaps and heaps of dirt were scattered all over the place, but that wasn't the worst of it. A very deep straight ditch cut through the earth and stretched in both directions as far as Hiccup could see. This scene looked awfully familiar. A memory flashed in Hiccup's mind of a similar trail he had found in this very forest, which had led him straight to Toothless. There was no doubt about it. A dragon had crashed-landed here.

Hiccup followed the ditch cautiously, making sure that neither he nor Toothless made too much noise. As they walked farther along, they found more signs of a crash. There were blue-green feathers scattered all along the ground. Wait, feathers? Hiccup picked up a couple and examined them. Dragons usually had scales, right? What would feathers be doing here? He thought about it. If it wasn't a dragon than it had to be something at least as big as one. Nothing smaller could have made a path of destruction of this caliber. He kept following the trail. It wasn't long before he started seeing blood spattered feathers. Whatever this thing was, it was definitely hurt.

They kept going for a good ten minutes until Toothless abruptly stopped. His head was high in the air as he sniffed furiously, catching the same scent that had been lingering on the feathers. His snout almost immediately dropped to the ground as he began to follow an invisible trail, Hiccup jogging after him. It wasn't long before the two broke out into a clearing. Toothless whipped his tail in front of Hiccup defensively as he began to growl. Hiccup was about to ask what was wrong when he followed Toothless's gaze and felt his jaw drop.

At the other end of the clearing, lying down with every single feather puffed out in defensive anger as it growled and snapped, lay the strangest dragon Hiccup had ever seen. The beast was covered in shimmering blue and green feathers in every shade imaginable. It had a specifically large amount around the base and top of the head, which, at the moment, were stuck up in all directions, making the dragon look both twice its size and like it was wearing a very fluffy collar/headaddress. Similar to a bird, its feet were pink, featherless, and a little on the wrinkly side. Its three-toed talons, however, were the color of bronze and wicked sharp. Its tail, which was thumping and twitching wildly with anger, was covered in sleek feathers like the body, except for the long feather formation that formed a fan-like shape at its tip. It had four legs and two large birdlike wings. Not very reptilian at all. The thing that caught Hiccup's attention the most, though, was the dragon's face. It had piercing orange eyes filled with anger, and its feathery snout extended a good six inches before ending in a large sharp bronze beak. Hiccup could see sharp teeth lining its mouth passed the beak.

The dragon hissed and snarled at Toothless who gladly returned the favor. "Whoa, whoa. Toothless, calm down. Look, it's injured, see?" Hiccup pointed to a bleeding gash on the creature's left wing. "But it's being pretty aggressive, regardless. What I can't understand is why it's lying down. I mean, usually a dragon, or any animal for that matter, would at least go into a defensive crouch or flee, depending on the situation. So why is it just sitting there? Unless..." It dawned on him. Hiccup looked at the dragon with newfound understanding. "It's protecting something," he finished.

Hiccup tried to walk forward but was stopped by Toothless's tail. He eyed Hiccup uncertainly, not sure if it was really a good idea to let him go further or not. "Come on, Toothless. I've got a hunch that this thing isn't as mean as it looks. Trust me." Hiccup looked at him with pleading eyes. Toothless looked him straight in the eye. He still looked doubtful but lowered his tail anyway. Hiccup advanced slowly on the other dragon who eyed him not with hostility but great suspicion. What was this human up to? What did he want? Those orange eyes followed him on every step.

It didn't take long for Hiccup to reach the other end of the clearing. He was only inches away from both the dragon's beak and talons. He slowly held up a hand, squeezing his eyes shut just in case. He waited, letting the cold wind blow through his fingers. Then, without really realizing it, soft feathers brushed against his palm. Hiccup opened his eyes to see large orange ones staring back at him. He gave the birdish beast a soft pet on the muzzle. "Don't worry," he murmured softly, "we're here to help." A soft purr emanated from deep in its throat. It looked at Hiccup with a sudden pleading urgency. Hiccup looked back with fresh confusion. The dragon

lifted up its injured wing, and Hiccup sucked in a breath of surprise.

Lying against the creature's furry stomach was a pale unconscious girl with hazelnut hair and a heavily bleeding wound on her side. Hiccup stared wide-eyed and only muttered two words.

"Oh boy."

## 2. Chapter 2: Oh Well, this is Awkward

Chapter 2: Oh. Well, this is Awkward

Darkness. The girl always thought death would be cold. However, as she lay there in bottomless darkness, a comforting warmth spread all around her. It was almost as if this deep black surrounding her was a warm blanket. Wait— She twitched a hand and felt a fluffy texture. Was she actually beneath a blanket? Was that even possible? Did Death own blankets? She pondered these simple thoughts for a while until something interrupted her thoughts. Pain. It seeped into her limbs and crawled its way all over her body. A small groan escaped her, and yet she was strangely relieved. Pain was the solid evidence of life, and how happy she was to know of just this simple fact. How good it felt to breathe even though it hurt. She could have laid there forever, savoring the simplicity of all, but human nature quickly kicked in. Where was she? How did she survive? Where was—?

Yet another distraction interrupted her thoughts. A rustle in the corner. Well, at least she thought it was in the corner. Was she in a room? Ugh, enough. She opened her eyes just a crack. A dim light seeped through. She dared to open them a tad more. The dim light did not strengthen. She soon found herself staring at a low wooden ceiling, a fire crackling near the base of her bed. She turned her head this way and that, examining her unfamiliar surroundings. What was this place? She opened her mouth, attempting to call for a name only to find an inaudible whisper escape. Her throat was so dry, her lips so cracked. Then there was that rustle again. For the first time, she felt a jolt of panic shoot through her. The incapable question came to her like a scream. Why? Why was she here? Had she been saved by humans? Why did they save her? Did they want something in return? Again with the rustle. After a moment's pause, words were finally able to escape her. "Just get on with it. I hate when people stare," she mumbled.

Suddenly, completely out of the blue, a large beast pounced from the darkness and sat itself on the side of her bed. It was a large fluffy monster with beautiful wings covered in iridescent blue-green feathers. At first, the girl was shocked senseless. The creature was unrecognizable at first, but surprise soon gave way to relief. "Shathi, you're okay," she breathed. A huge weight lifted off her chest as she attempted to hug the dragon's giant neck. Shathi purred in response and nuzzled his feathered head gently into her shoulder.

She looked deep into his orange eyes. Was his gaze the one that she had felt burn deep into her bedpost? No. It was definitely still there. She could feel it. In fact, something else was watching her from above. Two possible enemies behind and above her. Lovely. "Shathi," she whispered hoarsely, "protect."

Immediately, the dragon's pupils turned to slits. The feathers on his head vibrated slightly. They twitched this way and that until the beast suddenly flew up into the rafters. As a great rustle ensued from above, the girl shot from her bed and leaped into the dark shadows cast by the fire. Her body collided with another, as expected. She tackled the figure, pulling out a knife from her belt and pulling the person up by the scruff of their neck. She held the dagger to his/her throat. Lucky for her, these people hadn't disarmed her. "Who are you and where am I?" she demanded in a hushed threatening voice.

"Ack! Ease up on the throat, will ya? \*cough\* Man, you have a tight grip," the figure chocked.

"It'll get tighter if you don't answer," she hissed.

"Alright, alright. My name's-"

The voice was cut off as Shathi and another creature crashed to the floor. They bit and snarled, rolling around everywhere. It didn't take long for Shathi to pin it down. The girl only caught a glimpse of its soul-piercing green eyes before she turned back to what she assumed was a boy. "Talk," she hoarsely barked.

"Don't hurt him," the boy almost screamed. His voice was flooded with concern and a hint of fear.

"Talk," she barked again. She pressed the sharp blade closer to his skin.

"Okay, okay. My name's Hiccup. I'm from Berk, which is where you are now. I found you and yourâ€¦ dragon," he almost asked, "in the middle of the forest. You were injured, so I brought you back here. Alright, I've told you everything. Now please, let him go." The boy was almost begging.

"Shathi," she growled, "is what he says true?"

Shathi nodded and growled back.

The girl looked down at the otherâ€¦ dragon? It was hard to tell with all those scales. She command Shathi to release him, which he gladly did. By the way they had been "fighting," the girl could tell that they were only just playing. He really was beautiful, the creature, especially with those dazzling green eyes. He looked at her with great disgust, except he wasn't looking at her. He was looking at her knife. Oh, that's right. She tossed the dagger into the air, and Shathi gladly caught it in his mouth. He placed it on a table by the fire and made a series of growls at the obsidian black dragon. His look of disgust disappeared, but a glint of suspicion still gleamed in his eyes. I mean, she had just threatened his best friend's life after all. Perhaps she should try to make nice. She growled at him. At first, the dragon just looked at her like she was insane, but eventually he growled an uncertain reply. Hmmâ€¦ Why not? She decided to strike up a conversation.

To the girl, she was talking very normally to the dragon. To the black dragon, he was very easily talking to the girl. To the boy, however, all he heard was a series of purrs and growls from both ends

of the conversation. It was probably one of the strangest things he had ever witnessed. He stared there in awe for awhile until he realized why he had been there in the first place, especially when the girl suddenly collapsed onto her dragon? It was hard to tell with all those feathers.

"Hey! You shouldn't be moving around so much. It could reopen up your wounds." The boy rushed over to the water filled basin he had been carrying before he was so rudely interrupted and carried what remained of the water over to the girl, who had smartly gotten back into bed. He got a cloth and plunged into the cold water. As he placed it on her forehead, Hiccup asked, "So? What's your name?"

"Kalik," she mumbled.

Silence followed. This situation was getting awkward. What should he say? Should he ask another question? What if he asked something too personal? Arg! Talking to girls was hard.

"Shathi," she gently called, breaking the silence.

The dragon rushed to the bed immediately. He cocked his head. "I felt your wing. You injured it, didn't you?" She already knew the answer. The dragon shifted his eyes to anywhere but her own. Guilt was written all over his face. "Shathi, I told you not to push yourself for my sake. Now look what you've done."

Again, the dragon looked away and bowed his head in shame. She reached out her hand and stroked his soft crown of feathers. "You idiot. Just try to be more careful from now on, okay?" she scolded softly. Shathi purred gently and left to go join the scaly dragon.

She watched them play as Hiccup dipped the cloth back into the basin. "What's his name, anyway?" she asked.

Hiccup almost dropped the dripping rag. The question caught him off guard. "What? Oh, that's Toothless. He's my dragon and my best friend."

At this, Kalik smiled. "Friend? How sweet."

Hiccup blushed. "Th-thanks. Hey, can I ask you a question?"

"Technically, you already have, but I suppose you can ask another," she chuckled.

"Can you talk to dragons?"

"Of course. Can't you?"

"Definitely not."

"Odd. All my people know how to speak Dragon Tongue. Even the youngest children know a few words here and there."

"And who exactly are your people? Where are they from?"

At this, Hiccup was met by silence. And there was the personal question. And he had been doing so well, too. He cleared his throat. Perhaps he could try again. "Kalik?"

"Hmm?"

"Where's your home?"

"I don't have one."

Oh. Well, this just got really awkward.

End  
file.